

The Critic and Good Literature

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Pepys's Appetite.

HAS literature grown so delicate that it must no longer be cultivated on oatmeal, but only on a little farina? And have we lost sympathy with the heroes of the palate, from Pantagruel, through Falstaff, down to Bottom summoning Cobweb, good monsieur, to kill him a red-hipped bumblebee on the top of a thistle? Here now is old Samuel Pepys, dead these two hundred years (Heaven rest his soul!) and long ago shaken down to white dust beneath the tread of the hungry generations, with all his buckled shoes, and periwigs, and scarlet ribbons, and purple gowns, and other mortal swathings, trappings, loopings, and festoonings, yet living on and forever in his Diary, which even now is making its appearance among us, many-volumed and alluring to the eyes. And notably for this reason, among others, that he had an appetite which was from everlasting to everlasting, and that he gave such a history of it as no other human being ever gave of one; so completely revealing, in the meantime, his pleasures and agonies, his tricks and deceptions, his attempts to impose on himself and on Heaven, his excesses, meannesses, vanities, lyings, and atonements, that were all other portions of the unique narrative lost, those that relate to this subject would alone reproduce Samuel himself and furnish an interesting commentary on his times. In the face of which most clearly discernible facts, some dear, idiotic biographer of his has called him abstemious! Pepys abstemious! who turns his thoughts quickly from a mighty war to a fricassee of veal, from a public building to wiggs and ale, from the King's illness to neat's-tongue, from a friend's death to fritters, and from his brother's funeral to a barrel of oysters! Pepys abstemious! who, in an agony of dread lest he shall go blind with writing this very diary, spares not his eyes until he has set down some thousands of times his eatings and drinkings, as he spared not his legs and breath and fingers and teeth in the active prosecution of the business itself. Why, a woman even lays him a pot of ale that she can outrun his wife. What he sees on Ludlow Hill is one butcher turning and another basting a whole rump of beef. What Spicer is buying is a hanging-jack to roast birds on. What he hears about Blackford, a black man, is that he scalded his beard with mince-pie, so that it came up again all white in that place and continued so to his dying day. What the seamen tell him is that they took eleven hogsheds of oil from the tongue of a whale. What he notices during the play at the king's theatre is a gentleman fallen down as dead, being choked with eating fruit. What things he knows are where he ate the very best fritters of his lifetime, when he devoured the first melon of the season, and what place is famous for pease-porridge. It is Pepys who walks alone in the gardens with the ladies, there being good strawberries and abundant grapes, of which he eats a great many and *takes some home*; who steals apples out of the King's garden; who gets himself taken time after time into wine-cellar; who drinks himself full of beer in the butteries at Magdalen College, swallows at a draught a pint of

orange juice at Shadwick's, contrives that his shoemaker shall broach a vessel of cider for him, drains at the Alms-house the brown bowl tipt with silver and having in its bottom a silver picture of the Virgin with the child in her arms (a strange place, by the way, for the Virgin, and still stranger raising for the child!), and enumerates as his presents metheglin, and a quantity of chocolate, and a case of julep, and a whole buck from Hampton Court, and a great chine of beef with six neat's-tongues, and a whole doe, and what else only he has space to tell. So we feel no surprise when by and by we hear him saying that Dr. Burnett 'has showed him the way to eat turpentine—which pleases him well!'

And then the sorrows of Pepys's appetite! 'Cosen' gives him venison pasty which is palpable mutton; Mrs. Jem postpones the sack posset; Eliza flings down a can of beer on his papers, and for it receives a box on the ear; Drum spoils his dinner by bringing oil for the lobster instead of vinegar; some scoundrel invites him to Bell Tavern and then permits him to pay costs; Mrs. Pierce gives him 'the nastiest poor dinner,' which makes him sick; Hicks has another that is the meanest he ever did see; the Duke of Albermarle has dirty dishes and a still dirtier wife at table; his aunt's hands and greasy way of carving turn his stomach; he may not drink wine at the Lord Mayor's, which almost makes him sick; the Creeds' hand around 'nothing to eat or drink,' which will prevent our having any acquaintance with them.' One Sunday evening, during service, he looks around for a tavern to drink at, but finds none open and dares not knock; another Sunday, he is made so angry because some one has eaten a fine pudding made for him by the cook on Thursday; another Sunday, himself and wife at home alone to a leg of mutton, he gets so angry because the sauce is sweet that he will eat none, and picks at a marrow-bone instead; another day he falls to talking about Marriott, the great eater, and so cannot eat as much as he wishes himself.

And then the way that Samuel keeps Lent! Fish the first day, flesh the second, fish the last, and, about midway, a fine dinner with several kinds of meat, so as to make the mouths of the company, who could not eat any, 'water!' And, finally, let the innumerable readers of Pepys notice how at last the love of money triumphs over the pleasures of the palate. Pepys worth forty pounds eats and takes no thought of the morrow; Pepys worth four thousand pounds eats alas! only pounds, shillings, and pence—not strawberries, but a shilling twopence; not soup and pullet, but four shillings sixpence; so that had he but lived long enough and continued to make money, he must indubitably have starved to death! JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Reviews

Col. Higginson's "Margaret Fuller." *

TO HAVE perpetuated, with justice, sympathy, and sincerity, the influence of a noble life or a brilliant intellect, ought to be almost as great a satisfaction to a biographer as the creation of an ideal hero or heroine is to a novelist. Still deeper must be the satisfaction when one has been able to remove from an honored name the stigma of unjust accusation or suspicion. Col. Higginson, in his life of Margaret Fuller, has done even more than this: he has turned aside forever from a woman worthy of all honor the shaft of ridicule—more terrible to the victim than unjust accusation or suspicion, more difficult to avert than the sharp, short dagger of an enemy, leaving wounds that rankle forever if they do not kill. His success in this is the more effective and of greater worth from the fact that he has done it, neither by dwelling persistently on her higher traits and ignoring her peculiarities, nor by giving generous interpretations of his own to her eccentricities; but by simply let-

* Margaret Fuller Ossoli. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (American Men of Letters Series.) \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ting the woman herself reveal herself to us, in diaries and correspondence never before published. This is not Pygmalion breathing some of his own vitality into a lifeless Galatea, but a fellow-actor on the stage of life who merely draws aside a curtain to let us see that Galatea *is* a woman, and not a statue.

But although Col. Higginson has identified himself with the spectators to a degree remarkable in one who must often have felt tempted to dwell on what illustrates so powerfully his own high belief in the capacity of woman, he does not fail us as interpreter when interpretation is wise. He is neither Margaret Fuller's champion, nor an artist who has painted a new portrait of her; he has simply said, 'Come with me, and let us listen to her.' When, however, we have listened, when he has given us a reason for the faith that is in him, he does not fail to clinch the argument, or draw the inference, or enforce the lesson, in brief but pregnant sentences that leave an indelible impression of the scene that has been enacted. Margaret Fuller herself cuts the design deep into the seal; her biographer merely presses it firmly into the yielding wax of our minds. The general impression of her that we gain from this new biography is this: that the self-culture which seemed in her a passion carried almost to absurdity was in reality, even in her own consciousness, merely preparation for action; that she was eminently a woman who believed it better to act than to dream, better to do than to talk, better to live than to think, and that one of the strongest sides of her character was the vigorous executive side which only came into strong relief in the later years of her life; that so far from caring only for intellect, she was passionately fond of beauty, and would fain have made herself more attractive even by lacing and putting her hair in curl-papers; that so far from disdaining love and kindness, she possessed the most exquisite sympathy with little children, and a yearning for love pitiful to read of, so intense as to tinge love when it came with a constant morbid dread of its loss; finally, that her faults were the excess of her virtues, that her eccentricities and the misrepresentation (even of her motives and actions in the hour of her tragic death) to which they gave rise, were due wholly and merely to her utter lack of tact, and to that atmosphere of repression, cruelly destructive of both strength and beauty, that surrounded her from her birth. Many have sung the sweet uses of adversity; few have understood that prosperity may develop as well as blight. What Margaret Fuller would have been had she been freed from poverty and dwelt always in the atmosphere of appreciative devotion that came to her at last, we cannot say; but we know she would not have been injured by it, and we believe that, like Romola, who 'loved homage,' she would have developed in sunshine into loveliness as well as strength.

The success of this new biography must be a delight to those of her friends who found it impossible to transmit their own personal impressions of her power and charm. It is certainly a delight to those of us who had not yet attacked the alphabet when Margaret Fuller died, and who, fain to reverence the tradition of this wonderful 'Margaret,' found it as hard to understand what it was we ought to reverence, as did a well-known little lad to 'get at' the details of a certain 'famous victory.' It was not merely that we could not recover from the oddities that had made Hawthorne—so rarely amused—smile, and Lowell laugh; her strongest admirers and dearest friends failed to remove the impression of intellect spoiled for us by vanity, and strength made disagreeable by obstinacy. While it is the moral and lovable phases of her character that Col. Higginson has brought into prominence, he has added even to that intellectual phase which has been most prominent heretofore. The literary work that she left behind her has always seemed singularly inadequate to her fame; but we learn now that much of her best work was of the ephemeral journalistic kind, though so good of its kind that her biog-

rapher—himself a keen though generous critic—pronounces her 'the best literary critic that America has yet seen.' Her published volumes have not been attractive enough in their general scope to lead us to the discovery for ourselves of those single sentences and phrases some of which are worthy of immortality—not the immortality of general quotation, but that hidden in the scrap-books and minds of our finest scholars and thinkers. No one will ever pass a finer, more comprehensive, criticism on her own desire to do, her ambition to do on a large scale, and her longing that what she did should be for the benefit of others, than that which she passed upon herself when she recorded in her diary: 'Did not get home till just before my class came. They love me, and fancy I am good and wise. Oh that it gave me more pleasure to do a little good, and give a little happiness!' Her intense belief that thought should always be supplemented by action is shown even in her relation to matters of pure thought. Her anxiety to establish her famous 'Conversations,' and to publish *The Dial*, was not that she might 'shine'—for it is evident that she talked to bring out others, and wrote only when 'copy' was necessary,—not even that she might learn, but that she, and others, might acquire the habit of putting to some definite use the culture they were striving for, believing that the inadequacy of women's intellectual work was largely due to their not being called upon to reproduce what they learned and thought. Nor is it to be forgotten that she also strongly wished to establish an American literature that should not rely on marquises and coronets, or even on a borrowed nightingale or skylark, while we had Indian chiefs and Puritan settlers, to say nothing of bobolinks and thrushes, of our own. Her finest criticisms are often those that slip from her unconsciously. How admirable that expression, after lamenting on seeing her own child's delight in playthings, that she had not oftener given 'mere toys' to little children: 'I am sure if Jesus Christ had given, it would not have been little crosses.'

The executive ability that Col. Higginson claims for Margaret Fuller is shown not only when she organizes literary or political or hospital work, but when she 'makes over' an old silk dress, or cares for the bulbs in the garden, or ekes out a slender dinner, or sees that her young brothers are provided, not only with shirt-collars, but shirt-collars to their individual tastes. We have said that her faults were only the excess of her virtues. Her restless ambition was the desire to be great, not to win a great reputation; her dwelling upon the sacrifices she had made for others was only to heighten their effect, for her 'Remember what I have done for you,' was practically, 'See that you are worthy of it.' Her virtues were of the Roman order. While she had the gentleness to request that some one else might review the volume of Longfellow which she did not like, she had the courage, when compelled to write it, to say exactly what she thought, even though it laid her under suspicion of personal rancor in days when the tomahawk was even more than now the accredited symbol of criticism. The softer side of her nature, as revealed to us now, proves her to have been, not merely affectionate, but passionate in her attachments and her craving for love. What pathos in the letter to her father, begging him not only to let her take the little trip to Trenton, but to be glad that she is going!

Of the love that came to her at last, we almost hesitate to speak; it is so sacredly beautiful, so sanctified by tragedy. She had been worshipped with what Horace Greeley called 'almost Oriental admiration' by her friends; but there was a new experience for her in that devotion of Ossoli's which so beautifully expressed itself in his request, when she was ill, that if possible she would put her seal-ring to the letter the house-master would write to tell him of her health. It was a devotion evident in public as well as private, for Mrs. Story writes: 'He preferred always to hear Margaret talk, even when she spoke a language he did not know.' Of the

mother-love we cannot think without tears; and we have learned at last to know Margaret Fuller so truly as to feel it typical of what she really was, that there should be washed ashore from that fatal wreck of life and love and labor, just within sight of home, not the manuscript of the book she had written about Italy, but the love-letters that had passed between her and Ossoli, and the beautiful body of their child.

"Irving's Impressions of America." *

LET us suppose a man—the most accomplished, the most genial, the most agreeable of his sex—to have reached the close of a visit to some hospitable country-house. His last farewells are said, cordial speeches and invitations to return fall upon him like rice at a wedding festival, and the carriage drives swiftly to the station—only to find that the train has left. Now, if this man be wise in his day and generation—even with the alternative staring him in the face of hours of melancholy bivouac amongst his bags in the railway waiting-room, and a diet of pies and milk at the refreshment stall—he will beware of going back to the friendly haunts he is believed to have forsaken. We all know the sensation of flatness that ensues upon the sudden reappearance of a friend who has just gone from among us, with colors flying and carrying the honors of the departing guest, upon whom everybody present has expended all they have to give of farewell courtesy. Such a one has no right to the feeble excuse of having lost his gloves, or forgotten his cane or umbrella.

Something of this sentiment of suddenly-tamed enthusiasm comes over us in turning the pages of Mr. Hatton's book. No doubt, in a commercial point of view, the present is the right time to sow 'Impressions' of Henry Irving broadcast over the American continent. But even his warmest admirers must be conscious of regret that, in Mr. Hatton's hands, the 'Impressions' have assumed a certain catch-penny air, reminiscently suggestive of Barnum's life of himself, and other volumes of the class usually sold by seductive agents, to be, when purchased in a moment of weakness, promptly consigned to the 'off-color' ranks of one's remotest book-shelves. We do not deny that a certain amount of interest is to be derived from the perusal of the book in hand. Mr. Hatton is conscientious in photographing Irving from every point of view, and in every attitude of his relations to society and to the stage, from the time of landing in New York to the time of setting sail again. It has been said of Boswell that it was a proud day when he won a bet by venturing to ask Dr. Johnson what he did with certain scraped bits of orange-peel. Mr. Hatton is more blessed than was poor Bozzy. His idol submits to catechism with exemplary calmness. But one cannot help sympathizing with the fellow-being who was, at any moment during the compilation of the 'Impressions,' subject to an ordeal like the following:

'The fire-light glows on the walls as if the so-called volcanic sunset had taken possession of the place,' said Irving, stretching his legs upon the hearth; 'what a rest it is to sit and talk to a friend, and look into the fire!' 'It is, indeed. Let us have a chat in the spirit, and call the chapter "A quiet evening."' 'You mean a talk for the book?' 'Yes; one gets so few opportunities of this kind, that it is worth while to avail ourselves of the present one. I think you had better tell me what you have done in New York,' etc.

It would be impossible to record faithfully, without holding the reader's attention, the progress of so important a theatrical company as that of the Lyceum, led by stars of such magnitude as Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, across the Atlantic and from New York to Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Columbus, Niagara, Toronto, Boston again, Washington, and the chief cities of New England, before return-

ing for the spring season in New York. The pictures drawn of the snow-covered towns and trains and boats along the route of the wintry journey are not lacking in a certain picturesqueness. Details of the transportation of scenery and properties are noteworthy, as told in Mr. Irving's words. (Much of the scenery was too large to convey about the country, and had to be sent back to New York.) 'What we had left was enormous in its bulk, filling two 62-foot cars, and one huge gondola car, which was made to carry all the flat scenery. We carried every property of the entire repertoire—the bedstead of "The Belle's Stratagem," the altar of "Much Ado," the horse of "The Bells," down to Cattermole's picture of Letitia Hardy, some Chippendale furniture of the period, and other minor things. . . All our dresses were included—principals' and supers'. Loveday tells me they filled one hundred and twenty great baskets, the properties being packed in thirty baskets.'

An objectionable feature of the book is the introduction everywhere of newspaper-cuttings, reminding one insensibly of the diary of Dickens's 'thrice-gifted Snevellicci.' Many of these laudatory extracts are well written and well deserved; but of what interest can it be to the world at large to read that 'Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Robinson with their ladies, and others of our pronounced society people,' were present at Mr. Irving's performances in some provincial town? One fact remains, that from first to last in this chronicle—and it will be seen that we are not so much disposed to quarrel with the matter of it as with the manner—Mr. Irving appears quiet, self-contained, well-bred, considerate. As for Miss Terry, she runs through the volume like Beatrice and the lapwing, after her own enchanting fashion. One can only wish—as usual—that there were more of her.

"A Handbook of Tree-Planting." *

IT seems a pity that this book was not published twenty years ago, though it may be questioned whether the public was disposed, at that comparatively early date, to heed its warnings and protestations. It is only of late years that we have begun to realize the value of the forests that abound in the United States; and we have come to realize it only because blessings brighten as they take their flight. The blessing of abounding forests has not taken flight, however, without the broadest possible hint (or veritable kick) that its presence was not desired. When America was first settled the country could hardly be seen for the trees, and such time as could be spared from the war of extermination against aggressive enemies, such as the Indians and wild beasts, was quite properly devoted to the destruction of the more passive opponents of agriculture and civilization. The habit acquired by the settlers of regarding the trees as their natural foes became an instinct in their descendants, with results tersely summarized in Mr. Egleston's opening chapter. The seal and heraldic device of one of our States—a wood-chopper with uplifted axe—might, as Mr. Egleston well remarks, 'be taken as the characteristic emblem of the nation.' Some of our poets, notably Bryant, have tried to stem the tide of destruction that has rolled irresistibly against the oaks, the pines, the hemlocks, and the beeches of America, since first the land came under Caucasian influence. But the voice of the poet has been upraised in vain. Nothing but the actual danger of having to import our wood has brought the nation to its senses. Whether wisdom has come in time to avert the dreaded catastrophe remains to be seen. Mr. Egleston's handbook treats especially of the planting of trees in masses; and it is divided into four chapters, showing respectively why, where, what, and how to plant. It is full of sound advice on each of these points, and is calculated to do a world of good, now that the public is in a mood to listen to instruction on a subject of vital impor-

* Irving's Impressions of America. By Joseph Hatton. \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

* A Handbook of Tree-Planting. By N. H. Egleston, Chief of Forestry Division Dept. of Agriculture. 75 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

tance to its own well-being. A copy of it should be within reach of every one who owns or occupies a plot of ground sufficiently large to hold a dozen trees.

The Essays of George Eliot.*

A SON of George Henry Lewes has given the essays of George Eliot to the public as she had prepared them for the press, adding to them a number of short notes jotted down from time to time for future use. The essays are mainly those contributed to *The Westminster Review* early in her career, before she had been drawn to the work of novel-writing. They show many of the characteristics of her later work and the beginnings of her speculations on religious and social questions. Not all her contributions to *The Westminster* are included in this volume, the best only being preserved. The editor says: 'It was not George Eliot's desire that the whole of these articles should be rescued from oblivion. And in order that there might be no doubt on the subject, she made, some time before her death, a collection of such fugitive writings as she considered deserving of a permanent form; carefully revising them for the press; and left them, in the order in which they here appear, with written injunctions that no other pieces written by her, of date prior to 1857, should be republished.' One of the most interesting of all the pieces in the volume has never before been attributed to her, and gives a delightful account of three months spent in Weimar in 1854. All the other essays have been reprinted before in unauthorized editions. Papers contributed to *The Pall Mall Gazette* and other journals are not included in this collection. The 'Leaves from a Note-Book' are of little value, apparently being the chips left over after the completion of the 'Impressions of Theophrastus Such.' The principal topics are authorship, story-telling, and historic imagination. The moral standard she sets up for authors is a very high one, and she says some excellent things in regard to it. The volume is one which the genuine lovers of George Eliot will be glad to have, though it does not add much to our recognition of her ability as a great writer.

Political Economy, Past and Present.

How different the political economy of the present is from that of the past—how living methods, inductive, historical, comparative, have almost altogether supplanted the abstract, deductive methods of the last century in the acquisition of economic truth, may be clearly seen in Dr. R. T. Ely's monograph, 'The Past and the Present of Political Economy,' which forms No. III. of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, Second Series. The devotees of the old school founded by Adam Smith, and embracing among its leading representatives Malthus, Ricardo, Senior, and the two Mills, spent their energies in rearing a fabric which was almost purely theoretical, which grappled with few burning questions, which flung off hypothesis after hypothesis like soap-bubbles in the air, which talked endlessly about the 'free play of natural forces,' 'universal selfishness,' '*laissez faire*,' and what not, and did its endeavor to establish a 'pure science' in no earthly contact with anything human—a series of abstract propositions as practicable for human purposes as drawing light from the moon. This classical school of political economy had, however, one great merit: it separated the phenomena of wealth from other social phenomena for special and separate study; it pointed out all the ramifications of self-interest in economic life; and it convinced people by a severe process of logical reasoning that it was folly to attempt to understand society without examining and investigating the conditions, the processes, and the consequences of the production and distribution of economic goods. It was the founder of international free trade, and

is the orthodox school which embraces Cobden and Brigh among its present and former adherents.

The new school, on the other hand, founded by B. Hildebrand, Carl Knies, and Roscher, is strictly historical, and proposes to study the present in the light of the past and by methods similar to those pursued in the experimental sciences. It makes immense use of statistics; takes account of time and place; and examines historical surroundings and historical development. Political economy is but one branch of social science, and its field of investigation is the whole economic area of existence. *A priori* doctrines and assumptions are cast aside; practical questions, the growth of corporations, the undue accumulation of wealth in a few hands, the new functions of governments with regard to railways and telegraphs, in short, every question of a practical nature in its isolation and as correlated to other questions, on the economic side, is taken up and discussed with all the power of the cooperative method. 'Political economy' so-called is no more one science than statics, dynamics, the theory of heat, optics, magneto-electricity, telegraphy, navigation, and photographic chemistry are one science. Its divisions and subdivisions are numerous, and it engages innumerable workers in its different departments. It is headed abroad by Laveleye in Belgium, by all the younger and more active Italian economists, by Cliffe Leslie, Jevons, and Thorold Rogers in England, and by Francis A. Walker in this country. It is aggressive, concrete, progressive, empirical, and its object is, ultimately, the amelioration of the condition of the human race by a careful and systematic study of all the causes affecting the well-being of communities and states.

Minor Notices.

THE CATACOMBS of Rome have always been an interesting and mysterious subject, and entangled naturally the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne. They have now given occasion to Mr. S. Russell Forbes to gather into a compact and pleasant pamphlet all that is known or has been discovered about them down to the present day. ('The Roman Catacombs:' T. Nelson & Sons.) Who that has ever sunk into these dismal labyrinths, partaken of the fiery pink wine doled out as a prophylactic for the journey, shot into the darkness of the winding passages, and then emerged suddenly into the homicidal sunshine of Rome, will ever forget their subterranean scenery? Mr. Forbes shows that the Catacombs were excavated by Pagan, Jew, and Christian alike, that they did not grow out of quarries, and were not hiding-places of the 'saints' with or 'without clothes,' and that Hebrew, Christian, and polytheist used them alike as burial places for the dead. His little essay contains readable accounts of the inscriptions, symbols, frescoes, gilt glass vases, Christian sarcophagi, and specimens of mosaics found underground. There is a certain humor perceptible in the ready adaptation of Pagan mural slabs to Christian uses, by simply turning them over and scribbling on the unused surface a fish, a lamb or a cross. The saint thus interred was prepared for every emergency.

'THE WOMAN QUESTION IN EUROPE,' edited by Theodore Stanton, with an introduction by Frances Power Cobbe, is a careful and elaborate compilation of statistics. (Putnam.) It is neither a violent outcry against woman's wrongs with a demand that they shall be righted, nor a wild and incoherent summons to the world to gaze at what woman has accomplished or to listen to what she might accomplish; but a simple statement of what rights and privileges have been granted to women since the first agitation of the subject. The work has been done by different writers in the different countries, chiefly by women, and is compiled from the double standpoint that woman is not a butterfly nor man a 'vile wretch.' The greater part of the space is devoted to England, as having practically thrown open the widest field to women, and to France as having theoretically solved

* Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book. By George Eliot. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

many of the problems, though backward in carrying them into practical working. As a whole, the book is one for reference rather than deliberate reading but the part devoted to 'Women as Philanthropists' is one of general interest.

MISS A. MARY F. ROBINSON first became known to us by a little book of more than usually graceful verse. Later came the 'Life of Emily Brontë,' showing such mingled grace and strength of style, that one almost wondered if her *forte* were not prose after all. In her latest book, 'The New Arcadia' (Roberts Bros.), she has shown in poetry much of the vivid power that she exhibited in prose, while retaining the dainty and delicate touches of her earliest work. The very title is a strong one; the new Arcadia being no Utopian romance about simplicity and honest poverty, but a revelation of the terrors and sadness in that life of 'happy peasants' whose lot it is the fashion for *blasé* worldlings to admire, and for Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses to imitate. The 'Prologue' is fine and thoughtful, while there are not wanting bits of picturesque wording and graceful phrasing.

'TRAFALGAR,' translated from the Spanish of Galdós by Clara Bell (Gottberger), deals of course with the famous action usually spoken of among Spaniards as 'the 21st.' We are so accustomed to melancholy and daggers and beautiful *Señoritas* in tales from the Spanish, that an historical story from the point of view of a young and rather ignorant lad who is supposed to give the account of his youthful days, with a preference for war over love, is something of a novelty. The story is not remarkable, but it is not uninteresting, and the accounts given by Don José Malespina of his own exploits in the artillery, in which his imagination gains in vividness as he proceeds, are very amusing.

'THE TIMES OF LINNÆUS,' translated from the Swedish of Topelius and composing the 'Fifth Cycle' in The Surgeon's Stories (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is much the most interesting of the series, however it may compare with the others as history. It may justly be said, indeed, that it is really entertaining, and can be read for the story only. To our mind, it is worth reading if only for the children in it, the most delightful being the little son of a courtier, who, when told by the Queen to ask his papa to bring him a new mamma, answered frankly, 'I would much rather have a horse!'

The American Society of Artists.

THE present display—the seventh—of the Society of American Artists might be called the Chase Exhibition. There are almost as many specimens of Mr. W. M. Chase's work on the walls as there are of the work of any other two members of the Society. If all of these were favorable examples of his style, and if they had left plenty of room for the work of his fellow-members, this would not be objectionable. But there has not been room for every one, it seems; and Mr. Chase's best manner is not shown in all of his canvases. The portrait of Miss Dora Wheeler is unpleasant. Still less pleasing is 'The Young Orphan'—a girl reclining in a low, red chair, skilfully relieved against a terra-cotta colored background. And yet the latter is easily superior to Ralph Curtis's 'Souvenir of Paris,' which hangs alongside of it—a woman seated at a piano with her back to you, but her head slightly turned, so as to give an uninteresting view of her face. This is unpleasant in a different way from Mr. Chase's seated girl, and the difference is not in the subject but in the treatment. The Chase is a graceful and clever sketch, disagreeable in color, but showing much technical dexterity. The 'Souvenir,' on the other hand, is a finished work, on which the painter seems to have exhausted his resources. Yet the pose is stiff, if not unnatural; the flesh is not the flesh of a human being; the figure is as flat as the lid of the piano. Mr. Chase's still-life

is better than his portraits in this exhibition. He gives us a glimpse of the interior of a Spanish bric-à-brac shop; and displays elsewhere some fishes, rendered with a vigor that is really inspiring.

The post of honor on the walls is given to the picture that deserves it—Mr. Thayer's portrait of two sisters, standing side by side. From the same model that stood for the principal figure in this group Mr. Thayer painted the head exhibited at last year's Exhibition. The present picture is a better one—though the other was far from poor. It is painted, of course, in a high key; and it is more highly finished than Mr. Thayer's work is apt to be. Its greatest success is in the expression of character in the girls' faces. On this the artist has put his whole strength, almost wholly disregarding the accessories of the picture. The effect is admirable. Even were the painting hung less conspicuously than it is, it would still be the most noted canvas on the walls. Owing to its excellent position it is the first thing seen on entering the gallery and the last on leaving it. Owing to its own merits it engages the visitor's attention more than any other work exhibited, and comes first to memory in recalling the Exhibition afterwards.

Had all the members who exhibit made as good a showing in proportion to their ability as President Thayer, the Exhibition would be one of the best yet given. Unfortunately they have not. It is a good show, but not as good as last year's. One of the striking things in it, which one mistakes at first for an ideal head of a Crusader, proves to be a portrait of T. M. Dow, by himself. It is painted in a severely simple style, worthy of Mr. Thayer's own brush. Both Mr. Thayer and Mr. Dow exhibit minor canvases—the former a charming little girl playing with kittens (a section of a larger canvas that originally held the figure of a sailor or fisherman); the latter some studies of roses, quite as well painted in their way as the portrait. Alden Weir sends roses, also—and beautiful roses they are, done with as unconventional a hand as Mr. Dow's. Mr. Ryder reappears with his stormy sea, tranquil moon, and tumbling boat—quaint and charming, as usual. Frank Fowler's contribution is a portrait. Like Mr. Curtis's 'Souvenir,' it shows us a woman seated at a piano; but in this case the back is turned to the instrument and the face to the visitor, who recognizes at a glance the artist's wife, herself a painter of no mean ability. Some half-a-dozen of Mr. Shirlaw's geese have strolled into one of the landscapes on the west wall, and are trying hard to fly out of it; but they are powerless to resist the spell their owner has laid upon them, and will flap their wings ineffectually till the close of the Exhibition. We would wish more cordially for the postponement of that event, did we not dislike so much one of the paintings on the south wall—Mr. Kenyon Cox's nude woman playing with a handful of roses. This wan and pallid creature is stretched at full length on a bed or lounge more pallid than herself, and seemingly as hard as steel. Instead of sinking into it, her limbs are pressed up, so that the whole figure appears distorted and deformed. The frame encasing this unwholesome subject was at first of the same cold and repellent color as the canvas, but has since been slightly darkened. Mr. Cox's larger work—'Thistledown'—is so agreeable in subject and in execution, that we wonder he should have shown in the same room with it so poor an example as this 'Rose.'

The present is the first Exhibition of the Society of American Artists that has been held in the Academy of Design. As the organization was founded in protest against the methods of the Academicians, this fact is noteworthy. One of the results of holding the Exhibition in the South Room of the Academy will be the closing of the show on Sundays. Another result—a more serious one—is the apparent Academization of the Society itself. Within the seven short years of its existence, it has shown a tendency to fall into a rut as deep as that in which the Academy has been jogging quietly along for half-a-century. The rut does

not run parallel with that into which the Academy fell long since; it cuts across it at a sharp angle; but it is still a rut. The councils of the Society must be liberalized, or it will forfeit its right to exist.

Art Notes.

THE reopening of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts is not signalized by the exhibition of many pictures or other objects which will be new to the frequenters of that institution. The large painting by Jules Breton, of washerwomen on the French coast, was seen at a public exhibition in this city several years ago. It has only gained in tone since then, however, and is well worth seeing many times. There is a little collection of Duprés, most of them marines and most of them old staggers at the various art-galleries of the city. It would be more interesting if all these marines were brought near enough together to be easily compared, one with another. At least one is a very fine example of the artist's work in this class of subject—a wide ocean view, with a flowing sea diversified by cloud shadows and a number of small sailing vessels, and an extraordinarily fine gray sky. There is a little Rousseau which cannot be seen because it is under glass and badly hung. The collection of porcelains in one of the galleries has been re-enforced by several cases of Eastern porcelains and glazed pottery in the main hall. The pottery is the best part of this new acquisition. Among the porcelains, many of the large solid color-pieces are disagreeable both in tone and in the nature of the glaze, which looks rather like a coat of varnish than the lustre of a precious stone. Some gros bleu and rose-colored ware is to be excepted; and most of the small pieces are good, but hardly any better than similar ones in the other collection. A collection of snips and shreds of old Italian and French velvets, brocades, and laces, etc., loaned or donated by Mr. Jarves, will be found in the lower hall. It has previously been shown at the late so-called 'World's Fair' at Boston. It is most interesting, and more valuable to students of design than a much costlier collection of perfect pieces would be likely to be.

MR. LAFARGE, or rather his assignee, has just sold at auction a number of pieces of stained-glass misfits, specimen pieces, etc., which were worthy of more attention than they seem to have attracted. As a whole, the collection might serve as a warning to those who believe that the present 'movement' in favor of decorative art is likely to result in something great. Some years ago, Mr. Lafarge put his best efforts into the business of making stained-glass windows, and many of the smaller pieces exhibited showed with wonderfully fine results. A small window, with a fish leaping among waving seaweeds, and several conventionally decorative pieces, possessed a beauty of tone and of line that to any one knowing the general tendency toward blackish or grayish color and mechanical neatness of line in modern work were simply astonishing. But about half of the collection, comprising pieces done within the last two years or so, was of an entirely different and much lower quality. Not only the designs, but the very workmanship (little as it counts for in stained glass) and the material itself were inferior. The collection illustrated more than fairly the history of this art among us. Revived, almost newly invented in this country, about seven or eight years ago, it was at first kept up to a very high standard by the personal work of an artist of extraordinary taste and skill in color. Then the demand became too great for the supply, and deterioration naturally followed. Next, it was found to pay better to produce a plenty of bad work at low prices to supply a demand grown to the dimensions of a craze; and now the ruin of the art seems to be only a matter of a little time.

A Fabulous "Episode."

JAMES BERRY BENSEL winds up a very kindly and eulogistic notice of 'Leaves of Grass' and their author, in the

Lynn *Saturday Union* of May 24, by what he calls a 'certain episode,' namely:

Mr. Longfellow once asked me what I thought of the Camden poet, in the presence of several literary men, and I—at that time a bashful young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years of age—was inclined to evade expressing my real and crude opinion before so many. 'Do not fear,' said the gentle old man, touching my hand lightly, 'we will not repeat your words.' And then as he saw my flushed and frightened boyish face, he smiled and said: 'When Whitman was about to publish the "Leaves of Grass," he sent me the advance-sheets for perusal, and asked if he might dedicate the book to me. I marked several passages, and replied that, if he would consent to omit the lines indicated, I should feel honored by such a dedication as he proposed; but he answered that the lines I had marked were the strongest in the book, and he could not, under any circumstances, consent to their removal.' 'What were the passages?' asked Professor ——. 'One was "The scent of these arm-pits, aroma finer than prayer." Then I have no doubt of their strength,' said some one else; and a roar of laughter filled the celebrated old room, where Martha Washington once held her receptions.

Walt Whitman requests us to say that no such 'advance-sheets' were ever sent to Mr. Longfellow,—no such request was made by W. W., and of course no such answer returned,—that, in short, neither the 'episode' itself, nor anything which in any way could give it a shred of truth, ever happened;—the 'old gray' adding his very clear conviction that Mr. Longfellow, the soul of goodness and honor, never told anything of the kind.

"Puts" and Sages.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

Mr. Herbert Spencer is cited with approval because he denounces legislative interference with trade. The same sapient editor elsewhere condemns with mediæval ferocity the promise of Mr. Keene to resume his business in 'privileges.' Now, before 1812, an ancestor of mine had been taken sharply to task for forestalling the market. Atavism, or affection for his memory, induced me, in the mental pride of a Senior, to examine the ethics of buying a very large quantity of a particular commodity and holding it for a rise. It was with enduring satisfaction that my conclusion was, in the words of Herbert Spencer, that such a one is not 'an open oppressor of poor people, but one whose function it is to equalize the supply of a commodity by checking unduly rapid consumption.' When I am blamed if I do not buy the privilege of 'putting' a wrecked ship and the smoking ruins of a house on a company which bets that my particular ship and house will not be wrecked or burnt, and adds a general guaranty against wholesale losses by exceptionally dangerous weather or a conflagration, why may I not take the precaution of insuring my Lake Shore at 90? In the first place, I protect myself to that extent against loss, or my banker who holds it as collateral. But Mr. Sage also insures me against such disasters as overtook New Jersey Central in 1875. He and his associates guarantee the integrity of directors as well as their judgment. Vigilance, wealth and experience stand between my property and adverse legislation or malign and treacherous assaults. Every one who has borrowed on stocks knows that if a stock drops even for a few hours its lowest quotation will appear with most distressing reiteration in annual and other reports, as if it had fluctuated between this and its highest quotation by a natural ebb and flow. The trust company and your banker are obliged to notice this in making loans, and the market value is thus permanently depreciated for those who have not parted with their shares. If Lake Shore had become a 'football' for a day, a cyclone would have swept through the corporations that have advanced on similar securities. Although I have met Mr. Keene a score of times in company with a common acquaintance, there is no probability that I shall ever know him. To Mr. Sage also I have never spoken; but so far as the principles of their business are

concerned, it is as contemptible and narrow-minded to use the invidious term 'gambler' as it would be to speak of the Mont de Piété as a pawnbroker's shop. It is a curious instance of the danger that besets the philology-loving historian, that as Newman, Wiseman, and Manning were leaders in a great religious failure, so Keene and Sage were qualities which did not protect the men who after the fashion of the Parsee merchants might be, in some future age, supposed to have been virtues instead of persons.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1884.

DARDANARIUS.

The Lounger

I WONDER why Houghton, Mifflin & Co. omit the name of Edward Fitzgerald from the translation of Omar Khayyám's 'Rubaiyat,' of which they have published some half-a-dozen editions. (The English publishers are guilty of the same offence—if it be an offence.) The infidelity of translators has passed into proverb; and I believe Fitzgerald has never been credited with too rigid an adherence to the text of the old Persian tent-maker, whose verses he has put into such graceful English. But then the more of Edward and the less of Omar there is in the book, the more important it is that the name of the former should appear. I should like to know what is the exact proportion of Khayyám to Fitzgerald in the Anglicized version of these stanzas, in which the praises of the vine are so melodiously chanted, and in which we are taught, if not to 'bend to ourselves a joy,' yet certainly to 'kiss the joy as it flies.' The chief question, however, is not whether a given image is the Persian's or the Englishman's, but whether it is striking and poetic. Those who are familiar with the slender volume, which would seem to have passed into a surprisingly large number of hands, if the words 'Seventh Edition' on the title-page may be taken as an indication of its popularity,—those who know the little book, I say, do not question its great poetic merit as it stands, however much they may suspect Fitzgerald of having improved upon the original. A curious feature of the volume is the absence of letterpress from every other page—as if these pages were reserved for Mr. Vedder's promised illustrations. In the Vedder edition, when it comes, I shall hope to see full justice done to Fitzgerald.

WHILE I am on this subject, I must express surprise that Mr. Bartlett has so marred the beauty of the only stanza from the 'Rubaiyat' he has seen fit to embalm in his invaluable book. The lines in Fitzgerald's version—the version drawn from in 'Familiar Quotations'—are these:

The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

Mr. Bartlett takes half the sense and all the music out of these lines by substituting 'pity' for piety in the second, and 'conceal' for cancel in the third.

THE London correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: 'I learn from a friend of Lord Tennyson that an American publisher has offered the poet £20,000 to come to America for three months.' As the letter containing this statement was sent by cable, the dearth of details is not surprising; yet I can't help wishing that the author of the dispatch had sent a few more words to say who the 'American publisher' is, and what he proposes doing with the Laureate when he gets him here. Are we to be treated to a course of lectures? or a series of readings from the 'Idylls of the King?' or to some brand-new poems, written in America and for Americans? Or is Lord Tennyson to take the stump in behalf of 'The Scholar in Politics,' the Hon. Mr. J. G. Blaine? Sweet and manifold are the uses to which a crowned and coroneted poet may be put; but I hardly see how the publisher is to get his money back. A literary lecture-course isn't apt to pay well in a presidential year; and even if the Laureate were pressed into political service, the profits on Mr. Blaine's history would hardly enable him to pay \$100,000 for a poetical attachment to his 'boom.' The only thing that would make the investment a profitable one to the publisher would be for him to bet \$150,000 that he could get Lord Tennyson to come to America, and then give him \$100,000 to come. I doubt, however, that the reported offer has been made, and am sure it would not be accepted if it were.

The Christian Union has begun the publication of Mrs. Jackson's 'Ramona.' Friends who have read the novel in manuscript say that 'H. H.' has done nothing equal to it in the way of prose before. It was written at the Berkeley in this city last winter, when Mrs. Jackson was confined to the house by bronchitis; and though reduced to paper with astonishing rapidity, was found to require little or no revision. It is, I believe, a novel with a purpose—a very excellent purpose; but the author is a literary artist, so there is little danger that the plot will be sacrificed to the moral. I seldom read a serial story, and *The Christian Union* as seldom prints one. 'Ramona,' however, is an exceptional work, and justifies the suspension of ordinary rules.

SINCE the St. Louis *Republican* became the accredited organ of the Democratic party in that city and the *Democrat* the standard-bearer of the Republicans, I have known no such radical change in the policy of a daily paper as that which *The Pall Mall Gazette* has undergone. Some time ago, under the able editorship of John Morley, it was a journal of the very highest class, representing in politics the views of the English Radicals. It is still, I believe, an organ of that party; but in the hands of its present editor it has abdicated its high position as a sort of afternoon *Times*, and become rather a daily *Truth* or *World*. It 'goes in' for sensation—literary, political, social, clerical, or mercantile, it matters not, so long as the subject is one in which the world is, for the time being, interested. The tone of the whole paper has been brightened, but not without a considerable sacrifice of dignity. The chief 'feature' of the new *Pall Mall* is its interviews with prominent people—a feature successfully transplanted from this side of the ocean. Unless I am much mistaken, this transformation was due to the failure of the old *Pall Mall* to pay a fair dividend on the capital invested in it. Under the present management it is twice as much read and quoted as it used to be, and is in a fair way, I should say, to justify the change of policy its publishers have seen fit to make.

Henry Greville's Diary.

[From Temple Bar.]

WE all like to get behind the scenes, and to get the secret history of events. Tommy Hill carried this feeling to such extremes that he looked down the area to see what his friend was going to have for dinner, and Bishop Burnet carried his curiosity even to impertinence; but without rendering ourselves liable to the rebukes the Bishop brought on himself, we all of us have to admit that we have more or less of the questioning spirit within us. Therefore it is that memoirs like those of Charles Greville have such an interest. This is why we await with impatience the diary of Croker, and in a lesser degree why we enjoy the diary of Henry Greville. The worst part of it is, that we are bound to confess that in proportion to the malice or, to speak more mildly, the knowingness of the diarist, is our interest in his record. Lady Granville, who met Hodgson, Byron's friend, at Stoke, said Hodgson was 'like Charles Greville, only good.' On the faith of this we should expect the diary of Charles Greville to be more piquant than that of Mr. Hodgson had the latter kept one, and been placed in circumstances to know everything, as Greville was. Henry Greville did not stand in the same fortunate position as his brother, nor had he the same shrewdness we imagine, but nevertheless he was an intelligent man, mixing in the best society, and aware of much that was going on. He seems to have been a man of considerable taste, to have had a love and appreciation of music, and to have gathered around him, as his friends, some of the first artists of the day. He it was who seems to have urged Mario to enter upon the stage when his fortunes were at a low ebb, and he it is who tells us that there was nothing in Grisi except the beautiful woman, great actress, and splendid singer. Both Grisi and Mrs. Siddons, with all their beauty and their powers of acting, were yet persons of no interest whatever off the stage.

Henry Greville seems to have kept a sort of lazy diary, writing when the fit was on, and leaving great gaps when it was not. Better so a hundred times than a conscientious record of every and any event. The result is, his diary is so interesting that you might, if time permitted, read it through at a sitting. There is little of value in it arising from the author's observations, not much perhaps absolutely new, but it has the same effect as if a pleasant fellow was sitting at your table after dinner and recalling the principal events and characters of your early life. You like to hear of them again, to have them revived briskly, and brightly with occasional anecdotes which you had not heard, or which you had been fortunate enough to forget. You feel, too,

a great liking for the man who was evidently a thorough gentleman in the truest and largest sense of the word. His anecdotes illustrative of Louis Philippe's character strike us as the most interesting in the work, and entirely corroborate the low estimate we cannot help forming of this unfortunate monarch. He altogether lacked the dignity of a king. His cousins who preceded him were much more kingly, especially Charles X. and Louis XVIII. Talleyrand told Mr. Greville that Louis XVIII. was very agreeable, talked remarkably well on all subjects, and was very well informed, and had certain authors at his fingers' ends, particularly Horace; while Charles X. had excellent qualities, but little understanding, though he possessed a certain grace of expression, and an air of truth in what he said. When asked what he, Talleyrand, thought of Louis Philippe, Talleyrand replied: 'The France of to-day lacks dignity. This is why the king, who also lacks it, suits her.' He subsequently added: 'The present Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe's son) had inherited from his father the gift of gab, and great facility of expression.'

Louis Philippe was always an intriguer. He intrigued for the Crown of Spain. He intrigued against his cousins, but while Louis XVIII. took his measure and never trusted him, Charles X., who was a gentleman and man of honor, unfortunately did. Henry Greville went as a member of the Diplomatic Corps to the Tuileries on the birthday of the king, and heard the king read his reply to the felicitations offered to him. 'He has,' says Greville, 'a remarkably clear and agreeable enunciation, but his manners though courteous, I might almost say, obsequious, are *roturier* and vulgar.' His queen, on the contrary, is 'full of dignity and amenity.' Of this noble woman, united to so inferior a husband, Greville elsewhere remarks: 'The queen's manner is the perfection of royal dignity and benevolence combined, it is the dignity that cannot be assumed—that of the heart.' On one occasion the king acted as showman at Versailles. 'The king,' says Greville, 'performed the part of *cicérone* with great unction, and seemed to have no awkwardness, in showing us the apartments in which were hung huge portraits of Charles X. and all his family, and among others, one in which he is represented as making his entry into Paris, escorted by the present King Louis Philippe, as Duke of Orleans, who is painted as riding by his side.' Sir Robert Peel was of opinion that Louis Philippe had no alternative course to the one he took in 1830, and that his disapproval of all Charles X. did, pointed him out as the natural successor to the throne. Yes, just as the opposition of Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury point them out as the successors of Mr. Gladstone. But the Duke of Orleans was not bound to put his opposition *en évidence*, and had he been a high-minded man, would not have done so. The last few years of Louis Philippe's reign were signalized by his scandalous perfidy in the matter of the Spanish Marriages. Bulwer, writing from Madrid to Greville, says: 'The sort of mess we have got into, has only been what I have foreseen, but nobody could quite credit the treachery and audacity of our dear allies.'

The Princesse de Lieven was a great power in her day with whom the Duke of Wellington had to reckon, and who had among her admirers Guizot, the statesman and father of the Doctrinaires, a race of politicians, of whom, alas! for our punishment, we are just now having a taste in England. Guizot, says Henry Greville, 'excited great ridicule by the manner in which he dances attendance upon her (Madame Lieven), being constantly seen carrying her footstool into her opera-box. Madame de Lieven was greatly scandalized by the Marquis of Normanby, the gay author of 'Matilda,' declining to attend the reception at the Tuileries on the occasion of the presentation of the Corps Diplomatique to the Duchesse de Montpensier, just after the success of Louis Philippe's chicanery and faithlessness in the Spanish Marriages. Normanby was right, because, though etiquette might point to the payment of a customary respect, Louis Philippe had been playing the artful game of representing England's protest against the Spanish Marriages as a mere formality, and if Normanby had attended, this idea would have got abroad and been believed. Madame de Lieven wished to save her dear friend Guizot, and to make out that his policy was successful and honest. The protest of England she felt was to Guizot the protest of a gentleman against a dirty trick, and Madame de Lieven perceived that a stigma would be left upon Guizot, unless English opposition could be explained away. She got hold of Lord Brougham, and wished him to take Guizot's side in Parliament. Guizot had many good points, and was in the main a well-meaning man, but, alas! that trick cannot be explained away, and he is involved in the disgrace of it. A day or two after the public reception of the Corps Diplomatique,

Lord Normanby paid his respects to the Duchesse de Montpensier, who could hardly speak a word of French, but who was very pretty, according to some, but according to Greville not so. The French Government was delighted, and Madame de Lieven much relieved, and so the affair dropped into its place in history, where it lies embedded for the benefit of the historic student. Madame de Lieven was in the fashion of those days, and hated Lord Palmerston, as most foreigners did. His habit of being an Englishman first, and anything you like afterwards, did not please her; and she told Charles Greville that she was astounded at the influence Lord Palmerston wielded over the English Government and people. 'Really,' she said, 'it would seem as if the fate of Europe very much depended upon which side of the bed Lord Palmerston got out.' There is no chance of such an expression in regard to England being used nowadays, the question of 'jambe, droite ou gauche' is at Berlin now.

Louis Philippe used to speak with great bitterness of Lord Palmerston,* and he lost no opportunity of turning him into ridicule. 'Don Enrique (a very plain man) was at the "Spectacle," and the king showed him to Lord Cowley, quoting Lord Palmerston's words laughingly, "the only fit husband for Queen Isabella;"' and then Greville adds, 'He is a hideous little monster.' 'The Times and Spectator,' says Mr. Greville, 'write down Lord Palmerston,' and for some years one or two leading journals gave great offence to Englishmen abroad by their persistent attacks upon Lord Palmerston, notably in the Baron Gros case. Thiers says of Madame de Lieven, 'qu'elle était une sottise et une bavarde, une menteuse,' and adds that the king, whatever Charles Greville thought of him, was 'un poltron.' This, it must be remembered, was before the flight of Mr. Smith in 1848. Still it must be admitted in earlier days the king showed courage enough. He had been repeatedly shot at, but always bore himself well on those occasions. His disposition was kindly, and he was in opposition to his ministers in his wish to save Fieschi, one of the boldest of scoundrels. When it came to the end in 1848, Louis Philippe had lost nerve. He was no longer young, and his moral force had been lessened by his playing fast and loose in the Spanish Marriages. He had weakened his self-respect, and in the hour of danger it broke under him. He sent for Guizot and insinuated his retirement. Guizot, to do him justice, was a man throughout. He was at the king's service to stay or to go, so the king accepted his resignation which the king had suggested to him. Louis Philippe then sent for Mole, Montpensier pressing the king to abdicate, being himself as frightened as the king. 'Abdiquez, Sire, abdiquez,' said Montpensier. Then it was that the sexes were changed, and that queenly woman and womanly queen, who 'in the midst of all the tumult alone preserved her presence of mind and dignity, was heard to say, "Mon ami, ne quittez jamais votre poste, mourez plutôt en Roi."'

The history of the Revolution of 1848, though not given in full, is picturesquely told in this interesting Diary, which abounds in good stories. The following one of Talleyrand we have read before, but we were glad to meet it again in Mr. Greville's Diary. 'Talleyrand made me laugh very much by a story against M. de Narbonne, who was anything but amusing. One day he and the prince were driving together in the Pont-Neuf, and M. de Narbonne was particularly tiresome, when suddenly they saw a man who was walking along yawn violently, upon which Talleyrand said to M. de Narbonne, "Ne parlez donc pas si haut, on nous entend." Talleyrand hated the Doctrinaires as much as Napoleon did. Lord Clanricarde asked Talleyrand if M. de la Redoute were not 'un Doctrinaire.' 'Oui,' said Talleyrand, 'c'est à peu près cela. Il est bien ennuyeux, n'est-ce pas?' 'Parfaitement,' said the prince, 'c'est un esprit arrêté avant d'être arrivé.' In November, 1834, Henry Greville sees at the Italian Opera House in Paris 'a brown-looking old hag.' This lady, this withered creature, was once a beauty, painted by Isabeau, attached to the Court of Napoleon, attending on his mother, witty, beautiful, and graceful, and no other than Madame d'Abrantes, whose lively memoirs have had a renewed life within the last year. Fresh beauties had succeeded her, and on the same occasion Greville remarks the presence of two who were 'very pretty,' in their turn perhaps to be quizzed by a future Greville, when their brown days come. At Lady Clanricarde's one evening in December, 1834, Brougham and Talleyrand converse on Fox.

* Lord Palmerston had said in 1846, 'Louis Philippe had better look out that the Spanish Marriage doesn't cost him his throne.' Madame Lieven said, 'What does this mean?' In 1848 she received her answer, and Louis Philippe was an exile.

Talleyrand said 'he had known Fox intimately, that he was the best fellow in the world, wrote the most charming letters, and spoke French à merveille. His favorite study was Madame de Sevigne.' One day Talleyrand saw a volume of her letters lying among all the classical authors, ancient and modern, in Fox's room; and on Talleyrand's expressing his surprise at finding her in such exalted company, Fox said, 'Why, her letters are perfect models of every kind of eloquence.' Talleyrand asked, said Greville, 'if Fox had not been "très occupé de Madame Siddons." "Oh, no," said Brougham, "that's impossible; one might as well be interested in the sea as in Mrs. Siddons." She was too great in her way to inspire love. The East India Company might aspire to her, nothing less.' This reminds us of some story of Sydney Smith's, who was told that a very stout lady was about to be married. 'Impossible,' said Sydney Smith, 'a man might marry a section of her.' Talleyrand appears in an amiable light in these volumes, and we have several glimpses of him, but none equal to Haydon's. 'I met,' says Haydon, 'that patriarch of dissimulation and artifice, Talleyrand, but once and once only, but I shall never forget him. He looked like a toothless boa of intrigue, with nothing left but his poison. To see his impenetrable face at a game of whist, watching everybody without a trace of movement in his own figure or face, save the slightest imperceptible twitch in the lip, was a sight never to be forgotten. It was the incarnation of meaning without assumption.'

Mr. Greville tells a capital story of Mademoiselle Mars. Soon after the Restoration, she appeared on the stage wearing a tricolor ribbon, which so enraged the *parterre* and the Gardes du Corps, that she was obliged to take it off and apologize on the spot. "Ces canailles de Gardes du Corps," she was heard to mutter, which they hearing, very foolishly sent one of their officers on the following morning to demand an apology. She was in bed when he arrived, but her maid went into her room to announce him, leaving the door open, when Mademoiselle Mars cried out, "What is it?" "Madame, it is one of the officers of the Garde du Corps, who particularly wishes to speak to you." "Tell him," she answered, "that Mars* has nothing whatever to do with the Gardes du Corps."

Louis Philippe about the time of the Spanish Marriages was much annoyed by the outspoken condemnation of his conduct by our press, and he sent over a M. Bacourt to try and allay its violence. So ignorant are foreigners of the fact that only such of our papers can be tampered with as are not worth the pains. Yet though this was and is the case, our provincial press, inaccessible to monetary approaches, is in other ways largely at the mercy of the manufacturers of opinion. Our clever Radicals have hit upon a device for the manufacture of thunder, which at first imposed considerably upon people. The *mot d'ordre* goes forth to a certain number of Radical provincial papers to write in a certain sense, while these papers are supposed to speak spontaneously the opinions of their subscribers. Thus we will suppose that the House of Lords is to be attacked because of their opposition to the Franchise Bill. The Radical papers in different parts of the country, instructed from head-quarters, loudly proclaim that the people are impatient for the Franchise Bill, and that they eagerly demand the abolition of the House of Lords for its opposition to the national will, all which is probably the clever invention of some clever fellow in London or Birmingham. Louis Philippe, it is clear, did not know how to go to work, but resorted to the coarser method of trying to manipulate the press, which was quite useless, and so M. de Bacourt returned a wiser, and probably not a poorer man.

To revert to Mr. Greville's leaves, Alexandre Dumas, and a host of literary men and artists, are pleasantly mentioned in them, most frequently with a good story attached to each. Thus we hear of Mario, Bellini, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Pasta, of Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris, of Rogers, Byron, and Moore, with anecdotes too numerous to quote, and for which we must refer the reader to the Diary itself. But one of Dumas we cannot resist quoting: 'Alexandre Dumas and Lievenne, a French actress, were both summoned as witnesses in a trial which took place at Rouen. Alexandre Dumas, when called upon to give his name and condition, replied in a pompous voice, "Alexandre Dumas, and I should call myself *homme de lettres*, if I were not in the country of Corneille." On the same question being put to Lievenne, she said, "I am Lievenne, and I should call myself maid if I were not in the town where they burned them." Mr. Greville notes in this Diary the manner

* James Smith, one of the authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' asserted that Mars was not the real name of the actress, but 'only a *nom de guerre*.'

in which some of the press ran down Lord Palmerston on so many occasions. Lord Palmerston kept us out of war, at any rate, into which the pugnacious peace party frequently land us. But the fact is, that there was no love lost between the Radicals and Palmerston. The latter would have heartily agreed with Mr. Twining, whose 'Recreations of a Country Clergyman' all should read who are on the lookout for a pleasant volume. Mr. Twining says, 'A man who likes levelling in society, *selon moi*, has as bad taste as a man who likes a level country. For my part, I would not wish to live upon the surface of a wash-tub; give me your ups and downs, moral and physical.' Of this opinion evidently is Lord Sherbrooke. 'We are about,' he says, 'to exchange certain good for more than doubtful change; we are about to barter maxims and traditions that have never failed for theories and doctrines that have never succeeded. Democracy you may have at any time. Night and day the gate is open that leads to that bare and level plain, where every ant's-nest is a mountain and every thistle a forest-tree. But a government such as that of England is the work of no human hand. It has grown up by the imperceptible aggregation of centuries. It is a thing which we only can enjoy, which we cannot impart to others, and which, once lost, we cannot recover for ourselves.' 'I soap my hands of it,'* seems the cry of all but a few, and drifting is the order of the day. Hence the audacious come to the front, and a dozen bold men rule ten thousand timid ones. However, we have not yet quite arrived at the condition of the Frenchman, who cried out, 'We must have 300 heads!' He turned out to be a hatter.

Madame Lieven was in London on the 10th of April, 1848, the day when the middle classes rallied round the Government, and enrolled themselves *en masse* as special constables. Madame de Lieven told Mr. Greville that 'The love of order manifested throughout England must have a great effect in Europe.' No one was more pleased at the preparations made against him than Feargus O'Connor, who felt that in the mob around him he had worse than a white elephant on his hands. When the constable tapped him on the shoulders to tell him that he might hold his meeting but mustn't march, he was greatly relieved, and shook both hands of the constable with great warmth. He thought the constable had come to arrest him.

We will close this brief notice of a very amusing book with a good story of Louis XVIII.: 'When Louis XVIII. returned to France, and Fouché was his Minister of Police, the king asked Fouché whether during his (the king's) exile, he had not set spies over him, and who they were. Fouché hesitated to reply, but on the king insisting, he said, "If your Majesty presses for an answer, it was the Duc de Blacas to whom this matter was confided." "And how much did you pay him?" said the king. "Deux cents mille livres de rente, Sire." "Ah, so!" said the king, "then he has played fair; we went halves." This king was fit to live, and had very little mentally of the later Bourbon about him.

How Plays are Made.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

M. DREYFUS recently undertook to tell the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire of Brussels 'How Plays are Made.' At the time when he was invited to speak before this distinguished assembly he was himself preparing to write a play. 'When you want to get up a subject about which you know nothing,' said Lord Beaconsfield, 'write a book about it;' and as M. Dreyfus had long been puzzled as to how to write a play, he considered it a fitting subject for a lecture. He began therefore by frankly confessing his ignorance, but expressing the cheerful belief that 'by teaching others, people often instruct themselves.' This was certainly the best way, for, instead of evolving the art of play-making out of his inner consciousness, he went straight to the most distinguished playwrights of Paris and interviewed them on the subject. Some of the answers which he received to his inquiries were as characteristic as original. The first author to whom in his eagerness the troubled lecturer hurried was M. Emile Augier. 'Good-morning, my dear master; how do you make your comedies?' was his salutation. 'How do I make my comedies? Indeed, I do not know.' 'Then you do not make them?' 'No; they make themselves.' 'I always thought so.' And with this M. Dreyfus was off to Dumas fils. 'How do you make your plays?' 'Very easily; I have them made by M. de Corvin.' Therewith he had to be content, at least for the moment; but shortly after his return home M. Dreyfus received

* The exclamation of a Frenchman in England, in one of Franckillon's best stories, 'Strange Waters.'

a letter in which the eminent dramatist spoke more seriously on the matter. M. Dumas writes:

'You wish me to tell you how a play is made, and I will tell you, or at least I will try to tell you, what to put into it. Well, my dear friend, if I shall be very frank I must openly confess that I do not know how to make a play. A long time ago, just after leaving college, I addressed the same question to my father; he told me "it is very simple; the first act clear, the last short, and interesting throughout." It is very simple indeed. You must only know how to use your means, but it is here where the difficulties commence. . . . There are some who know by birth (I will not say that it is hereditary) how to make a piece, there are some who do not know it at once, and some who never know it. Either a man is a dramatic author or not; his own will and labor havel nothing to do with it. It must be a gift of grace. You might as well ask Romeo how he did so fall in love with Juliet and was loved by her; he will tell you that he does not know, and that it came quite of itself.'

Scarcely had the would-be dramatist read this letter when a second note arrived, in which M. Emile Augier gave his view on the matter. He writes: 'You ask me for the receipt to manufacture comedies; I don't know it, but I suppose it's something like the sergeant's receipt for the manufacturing of cannons, "You find a hole and put brass round it." If this is not the only one, it is at least the one most in use. There may be another which consists in taking brass, making a hole in the middle, and applying a light to the end. With cannons the hole is called the soul; how should it be called in a dramatic work? Find another name, if "soul," does not suit you. This is all the instruction I can give you. Perhaps I might add the advice of a sage to an embarrassed dramatist: "Steep your fifth act with sweet tears, and powder the four others with spirited bits,"'

M. Victorien Sardou is the next authority to whom M. Dreyfus appealed. His answer is: 'There is but one manner of making a play. Everybody has his own, according to his temperament, his natural gifts, and his method of working. . . . There is no other method for the conception and production of a play than to know exactly where you are going, and to take the best way leading to it. Only some walk, some drive, some go by rail; M. X—slides on, crouching deep down, while M. Hugo ascends in a balloon. Some rest on the way, some go beyond the mark; the one rolls into a ditch, another loses his way on a cross-road. On the whole, he who has most common-sense arrives soonest at the end.'

Having obtained the views of three eminent authorities, the spirits of the lecturer rise, and he courageously knocks at the door of M. Eugène Labiche, dramatist and member of the Académie Française, and this is what Labiche, half buried in a heap of Academy papers, says, with apparent unwillingness to be interviewed: 'Everybody does according to his inspiration and temperament. The one signs a gay note, the other finds more pleasure in making people cry. With regard to myself, this is how I proceed. If I have no idea, I bite my nails and invoke Providence. If I have an idea, I still invoke Providence, but with less fervor, because I think that I can do without it. It is very human, but very ungrateful. If I have an idea, or imagine that I have one, I take a piece of white paper and write on the first page "Plan." Then follows the development from beginning to end. If you have not got the end of a piece, you have neither the beginning nor the middle. My plan once finished, I look it over again and see whether each scene prepares or develops a character, a situation, or whether it changes the situation. A play is an animal with a thousand feet, which must always be on the move. If it halts, the public yawns; if it does not move at all, the public hisses. To make a comedy, it is necessary to have a good stomach. Gayety hath its seat in the stomach.'

Current Criticism

LOWELL ON WORDSWORTH:—The Wordsworth Society held their annual meeting in the library of Lambeth Palace last week, Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, as President for 1884, occupying the chair. Mr. Lowell said in the quality of interesting the highest and purest orders of mind, Wordsworth was placed apart from his contemporaries, if not above them. If Wordsworth was to be judged by passages or single poems no one would hesitate to pronounce him a great poet. But too often Wordsworth seemed bent on producing fire by the primitive process of rubbing the dry sticks of his blank verse. There was no great poet in whom they were forced to acknowledge so many limitations, and concerning whom they must make so many exceptions. Even as a teacher he was often too much of a pedagogue. Wordsworth had no dramatic power, and of narra-

tive power next to none. When Wordsworth undertook to tell a story his personages were apt to be lost in the landscape, or kept waiting while the poet mused on its suggestions. Wordsworth was not a great artist in the technical sense of the word, neither was Isaiah; but he had the gift, in some respects rare, of being greatly and suddenly inspired.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

TENNYSON AN ALCHEMIST:—'It is little known,' writes a correspondent, 'that the germ of that fine poem, "The Princess," is to be found in the last chapter of Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" —"The Princess thought that of all sublunary things knowledge was the best. She desired first to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside; that, by conversing with the old and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety." 'It is curious, by the way,' he goes on, 'that the most-quoted line of "The Princess,"

And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair,
has considerable resemblance to a passage in Keats's "Lamia"—
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate.

"She shall be Queen of the May!" exclaimed by a multitude of little voices, in Miss Edgeworth's "Simple Susan," may very possibly be the little seed from which a lyric of the highest popularity sprang. "The days that are no more" is the concluding line of the first and last stanzas in one of Southey's minor poems entitled "Remembrance." "The Revenge" is anticipated in every point of the narrative by "Grenville's Last Fight," in a little-known volume of poems by Mr. W. J. Linton, published in 1865; and the terrible ballad of "The Victim" exactly follows in all its incidents a poem called "Odin's Sacrifice," in "German Ballads, Songs, &c." (Burns, London, no date, but about 1845): the piece is described as "partly original," and signed "S. M." The Laureate gives us pure gold; yet not as a miner is he chiefly remarkable. His melting-pot purges away every atom of dross. He has the secret, too, of alchemy, transmuting silver and copper into more noble and costly metal.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE NECESSITY OF FORBEARANCE:—The universal condition of human nature, as God appointed it and as providence develops, is to make men in this life relatively imperfect, and imperfection is full of faults. Therefore, if you are going to have a partner, if you are going to have a mate, if you are going to have a friend, do not attempt to judge them first and continuously by the highest rules of ideal perfection. Nobody can stand up under it, and all your discoveries will be of displeasure. But begin with the thought that everybody is selfish, some more, some less, everybody is proud, everybody has an element of envy in him, everybody may be jealous, everybody will have hours of weakness, everybody also will have hours of irascibility and of temper. I take my friend and my mate with the perfect consciousness that I have got to bear, not alone with the things that are good in them, but with the things that are not so good. True friendship is one that says, 'I love them to that degree that I would rather have them with all their faults than anybody else with all their virtues.' Then you have something like an anchor to hold by in times of storm and trouble.—*Mr. Beecher, in Plymouth Pulpit*.

MR. OSCAR WILDE AND HIS GOSPEL:—Mr. Oscar Wilde preached his gospel in the East-end on Saturday night, and his audience were not only delighted with his humor, but were surprised at the excellent good sense he talked. Mr. Wilde's subject was a plea in favor of 'art for schools,' and many of his remarks about our present system of elementary education—with its insistence on 'the population of places that no one ever wants to go to' and its 'familiarity with the lives of persons who probably never existed'—were quite worthy of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Wilde showed himself an apt pupil of Mr. Ruskin's, too, in insisting on the importance of every child being taught some handicraft, and in looking forward to the time when a boy would rather look at a bird or even draw it than throw 'his customary stone.' The lecturer's remarks on household taste and ladies' dress—on crimes in Berlin wool, for instance, or the stolid ugliness of bows—were equally sensible and well put. Mr. Wilde has clearly taken a good deal by his lecturing tour in America. For one thing, he has found the tongue of an audible lecturer; and for another, he has brought back a new setting for many excellent old stories. His appropriation of our old friend the American

who was indignant at being supplied with a cast of the Venus of Milo without the arms was as amusing as it was audacious.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

DODD, MEAD & CO. have ready the first two volumes of their *édition de luxe* of 'The Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys,' which will be in ten volumes, to be issued monthly, two at a time, until completed. This edition recommends itself at once to the booklover by its convenient size, and handsome typography, paper and printing. It is a fine specimen of Mr. De Vinne's press. The edition is limited to 165 copies, fifteen on Japan paper and 150 on Holland. A large proportion of each edition has already been subscribed for.

The number of *Harper's Weekly* published on the 14th of June will contain a poem of eight or ten stanzas by A. C. Swinburne, entitled 'Thanksgiving.'

Amongst the contributors to the next volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'—the seventeenth—will be Lieut. J. D. Kelley, U.S.N., author of 'The Question of Ships,' who will be associated with Nathaniel Barnaby, C.B., in writing the article on Navy; and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of *The New York Tribune*, who will be associated with Mr. Edward Edwards in writing of Newspapers.

'A Potent Philter'—Mr. Charles W. Balestier's serial in the *Sunday Tribune*—was written at the ripe age of eighteen.

The *Athenæum* notes, as a striking sign of progress in Manitoba, the foundation of *The Illustrated Northwest Quarterly*, to be devoted mainly to the treatment of historical scenes in the life and growth of the province.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have arranged with the English publishers to bring out a new edition of Stormonth's Dictionary, revised and edited by the Rev. P. H. Phelps, A.M. It will be issued in parts in the Franklin Square Library, and when completed will make a book of 1200 pages, printed from new type on calendered paper. This has long been a standard dictionary in England, and has many admirers in this country also, though it has never been in general use here. This is the sixth dictionary enterprise now on foot.

Mr. George Wm. Curtis will devote a corner of his July Easy Chair to his friend 'Tom' Appleton.

Mr. Tissington, who has been so successful in England in his business of farming out novels to various publications, has begun a similar work here, and has arranged with the *New York Sun*, *Philadelphia Times*, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *Springfield Republican*, and other papers, for the simultaneous publication in their columns of stories by Henry James, Bret Harte, W. D. Howells, and other popular American writers of fiction.

Mme. Blavatsky, the author of 'Isis Unveiled,' and her high-priest, Col. Olcott, are in London, preaching Theosophy. The Countess of Caithness is their most important capture.

An edition of Poe's 'Tales and Poems' has just been published by Mr. Nimmo.

Messrs. Leavitt & Co. will sell on June 3 and 4 the library of Mr. Charles Thurber, of Germantown, Pa., with addenda including a selection of early-printed books in fine bindings, from the collection of Mr. S. P. Avery, and missals and other manuscripts and books from the libraries of 'royal and distinguished persons.' An interesting feature of the sale will be the confidential correspondence of Andrew Jackson and Major Wm. B. Lewis, and a remarkable map made by Washington three months before his death.

Landseer's famous picture, 'The Monarch of the Glen,' painted in 1851 for the new House of Lords for \$1500, and rejected by the Fine Arts Commission, was sold to Lord Londesborough for \$4000, and has recently been bought at public auction in London by Mr. Easton, M.P., for about \$31,000.

Carlyle's birthplace at Ecclefechan has been purchased by members of his family, who have had it repaired and filled with relics of the philosopher. They propose to open the place to visitors.

Mr. Worthington has bought out the remainder of Commander Gorringe's book on the Obelisk. It has a large photograph of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt for a frontispiece.

The auction sale of the Farnum library has been postponed until the fall on account of the death of the owner. Another important library to be sold by Leavitt & Co. in the fall is that of the late Royal Woodward, of Albany, comprising 15,000 volumes.

A gentleman living in Boston writes to say: 'I see occasional allusions in the English papers to Sir Henry James. Will you kindly tell me when the popular novelist was knighted? I do not remember hearing of the event at the time.' Our friend is mistaken: Sir Henry is not 'the popular novelist,' formerly of this country. That gentleman is still plain Mr. James. His namesake—who is an Englishman not only by preference but by birth—entertains certain views, however, which increase the danger of confounding him with the author of 'Daisy Miller'; he thinks very lightly of the intelligence of 'the sex.' According to the *London Spectator*, the finest speech he ever made in the House of Commons was against a proposition to confer the electoral franchise on women. No; Sir Henry is not 'the popular novelist.' He is only the Attorney-General of Great Britain.

The Concord School of Philosophy will hold its sixth annual session in July.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written a memorial of the life and genius of George Fuller, which will be illustrated with engravings by Closson from Mr. Fuller's paintings. Only 300 copies will be sold, at \$25 each.

We have received from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin the Illustrated Catalogue of this year's Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colors. It is in the same style as Mr. Kurtz's American catalogues, and furnishes interesting memoranda of the exhibition, though one can judge of little more than the composition of the pictures from these sketches.

Under the auspices of the Ohio State Forestry Association, Supt. John B. Peaslee, of the Cincinnati Public Schools, has issued an interesting pamphlet on 'Trees and Tree-planting,' with exercises and directions for the celebration of Arbor Day.

Lady Wilde, Oscar's mother, has written a volume of Scandinavian adventures, which Messrs. Bentley will publish.

The June *Magazine of American History* opens with a steel-portrait of Washington from the original miniature painted by Mrs. Sharpless in 1796, never before given to the public.

'The American law,' says *The St. James's Gazette*, 'already grants to American authors rights which the English law denies to English ones. An American producing a book or a play for the first time in England does not thereby invalidate his rights in America. An Englishman, however, who publishes or produces for the first time in America forfeits by so doing his rights in England. This is an injustice which it does not depend upon the Congress of the United States to remedy.'

We have received the circular and programme of Prof. W. L. Montague's Summer School of Languages at Amherst College this summer. Excellent instructors have been engaged in the different departments—Prof. Shumway, editor of *Latine*, in the Latin, Profs. Heness and Zuellig in the German, and Prof. V. F. Bernhard in the French. Lectures are to be delivered by President Seelye of Amherst, and others. The school will remain open from July 7 to August 8.

In the current instalment of his literary recollections in *The Independent*, Mr. James Payn quotes an amusing 'examination paper' on 'The Pickwick Papers,' prepared by his old friend, the late Mr. C. S. Calverley.

Referring to a note in our issue of May 24th, a correspondent writes: 'Please let us know what charge Max Richter, the German archæologist, brings against Col. di Cesnola.' According to *The Nation*, in which Mr. Richter's letter was printed (it was not reprinted from the *Post*), 'the articles referred to deny the existence of a "Treasury of Curium," and hence attack the authenticity of the jewelry in the Cesnola collection ascribed to that source.'

Messrs. Lippincott will publish soon 'A Dictionary of Miracles,' by Dr. E. Cobham Brewer, author of a number of useful handbooks. The work will be full of anecdotes, rendered doubly available by a complete index.

We have received from Frederick Keppel & Co. an artist's proof of a large etching, entitled 'A Summer Afternoon,' by Peter Moran. It represents a group of cattle coming down to the bank of a willow-bordered creek to cool themselves in the quiet water. It is Mr. Moran's most ambitious attempt, and in our judgment the best thing he has done with the etcher's needle. All his effects are made with the honest line, and the printer has had simply to do his duty without bolstering up the artist. Mr. Moran was one of the first American painters to turn their attention to etching. At first his work was hard and mechanical, but it has lost that unpleasant quality, and, while his method is as unaffected as ever, he has put a sentiment and color into his work that are the life and soul of etching.

Macmillan & Co. announce a 'school edition' of Tennyson's poems, in four parts—a reprint of their recent one-volume edition.

Edmondo de Amicis is making a trip along the eastern coast of South America. According to the reports from the Argentine Republic, he has received an exceptionally favorable reception, of which the Buenos Ayres papers give detailed accounts. One result of this trip will doubtless be a fresh volume of travels, devoted to South America. It is expected that De Amicis will return to Italy by way of New York.

'The following,' writes a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* 'is an exact copy of the inscription to be placed on Charles Reade's tombstone, for the accuracy of which I can vouch. It was written by himself: 'Here lie, by the side of his beloved friend, the mortal remains of Charles Reade, dramatist, novelist, and journalist. His last words to mankind are on this stone. I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing; which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised his intercession to all who seek it, and he will not break his word: that intercession, once granted, cannot be rejected: for he is God, and his merits infinite: a man's sins are but human and finite. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins."'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 695.—Is there not a legend concerning the albatross in some way connected with Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner?' If so, what is it, or where can it be found?
GETTYSBURG, PA. N. F.

[To kill an albatross is supposed to bring ill-luck, and the shooting of the albatross by the Ancient Mariner is supposed in the ballad to have brought down manifold misfortunes upon the ship in which the old fellow sailed. We know of no 'legend' concerning the bird, other than the story told by the Ancient Mariner himself.]

No. 696.—1. In what connection, if ever, is it proper to commence with a capital letter the names of studies, such as grammar, physiology, etc.? 2. Are the contractions 'can't' and 'shan't' proper terms to use in conversation or writing? 3. In reading poetry should the correct pronunciation of a word ever be changed for the sake of rhyme, as wind to rhyme with mind? 4. To whom is the word Americans applicable? I often see it used as referring only to the people of the United States. Are not Canadians or the people of South America just as properly called Americans?
LIVONIA STATION, N. Y. F. H. A.

[1. Such words may be capitalized whenever used, but it is never necessary to capitalize them except at the beginning of a sentence. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. The word is as correctly applied to persons living in South America as to those living in North America, and the Canadians have a perfect right to call themselves Americans. But as the word America occurs in the full title of the United States (The United States of America), and as no other name than American could be conveniently derived from that title, the word is commonly used in speaking of residents of the United States as distinguished from Canadians, Mexicans, and South Americans. Mr. Grant White, we believe, applies it only to persons whose families have lived in this country for a hundred years.]

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No. 697.—Why is the Geneva cross so universally used in armies as a badge for nurses and for the ambulance corps?
OAKLAND, CAL. W. D. A.

[The Convention which drew up and signed the Red Cross Treaty held its sessions at Geneva, and adopted the flag of the Swiss Government as its emblem, reversing, however, the colors of the flag, on which the ground is red and the cross white, so as to distinguish the one from the other. For further particulars, see an article by Joel Benton in *The Christian Union* of Feb. 28.]

No. 698.—What would be the value of a Latin Bible, written (with illuminations) on parchment, about the 12th century. It is about 5x8½ inches in size.
FORT WAYNE, IND. GEO. E. RANDALL.

[It would be impossible to say without personal examination, and perhaps difficult even then.]

No. 699.—Who is the author, and what is the title of the poem of which the first lines are

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie,
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And, from its exile in the aisles of death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins?

NEW YORK CITY.

J. T. WILLING.

ANSWERS.

No. 528.—Extended lists of contributors to *The Edinburgh Review* may be found in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1845, p. 497, and Dec., 1845, p. 585.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. WILLIAM CUSHING.

No. 688.—1. I have never met with any good French biography of Properzia de' Rossi; nor have I seen any better account of her in English than that of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale in her 'Woman's Record' (New York: 1852). This is drawn mainly from Vasari; but a much better delineation of her than his may be found in Carolina Bonafede's 'Donne Bolognese' (Bologna: 1845). This sketch occupies ten octavo pages (pp. 13-23), and there is also a portrait. Guhl, in his German 'Die Frauen in der Kunstgeschichte,' says little of Properzia de' Rossi; much less than Mrs. Ellet, who has translated and enlarged his book under the name of 'Women Artists.' I have not at hand the 'Biographie Générale,' which probably gives some account of her, but the French dictionaries of eminent women pass her lightly by. The 'Dictionnaire Historique des Femmes Célèbres' (3 vols., Paris: 1769) gives her but three lines; while the 'Répertoire Universel des Femmes Célèbres' (4 vols., Paris: 1826) does not mention her. Nor is she mentioned, strange to say, in Martini's 'Aucune Vite di Donni Celebri' (Milano: 1829).
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. T. W. H.

No. 693.—The lines asked for are slightly misquoted. They should have been:

Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polliat lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

They occur in Book I. of 'Gebir,' the first important poem written by Walter Savage Landor.

3 HOLYOKE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

C. M. T.

Landor accused Wordsworth of plagiarism, in introducing the simile of the seashell in 'The Excursion'; to which Wordsworth replied, that he had never read 'Gebir.' By all except Landor himself the reply was accepted as sufficient. De Quincey boasted—or confessed—that for a long time he could find but two persons who had read 'Gebir,' namely, Southey and himself. Richard Hengist Horne (in 'The New Spirit of the Age') added a third reader. Coleridge, he said, 'was accustomed to speak [of it] in terms of great praise, till one day he heard Southey speak of it with equal admiration, after which Coleridge altered his mind—"he did not admire it—he must have been mistaken."'
HARTFORD, CONN. A. B. C.

No. 694.—J. O. S. is right. Thackeray quotes (or rather misquotes) from his own 'Fairy Days' the lines—

But ever when it seemed
Their need was at the sorest,
A knight in armor bright
Came riding through the forest—

in his 'Roundabout Paper' on 'Ogres.'
NEW YORK CITY.

E. R. C.

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